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Volume X. *Number 9*

The MIRROR

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Salutatory

MARION SMITH

Ladies and Gentlemen:

THE Class of Nineteen Hundred Fifteen extends to you a most cordial welcome to these exercises tonight, which end our studies in public schools. We have spent many happy years of school-life and now we end it all with this pleasant occasion, for graduations are happy events, although the thought of parting with our friends occasions sadness. This year we are more than usually joyful when we think of all that has happened to make us so. One hundred years ago there came a day when a treaty of peace was signed between England and our country, which has never been broken. Fifty years ago the Civil War ended, and now, what is most important, we have managed to maintain peace while practically all the rest of the world is at war, although relations with the foreign countries have been strained at times. We have a right to congratulate ourselves that we live in a land where education may go on unhampered by war or rumors of war.

How little of that can be said of any country in Europe just at present! In every part education is most seriously affected. At the beginning of the war, the buildings at Oxford and Cambridge Universities in England were turned into hospitals and quarters for the soldiers. From an enrollment of two thousand students, the enrollment of Oxford dropped to two hundred, and the very young men, who were students in those colleges, today may be lying in the same building as wounded soldiers. Even at Eton and other preparatory schools, like our high schools, the boys formed companies and went off to war.

In Germany and in probably every other country now at war, the same thing happened. In one town in Germany, a girls' school had to delay opening until the soldiers who were quartered there might be moved. But the taking possession of school-buildings is not as harmful to education as the sending to war the scholars and teachers, the best young men in the country, who occupied those buildings.

One particular boy, only seventeen years old, left school with a number of his schoolmates last fall, full of enthusiasm and desire to serve the Fatherland. He was in training ten weeks, and at the end of that time he went to the front and was killed in his first battle. Again a story is told of a British commander, who, advancing to meet the foe, saw a battle-line approaching, which was so ragged and uneven that he could not believe that it was a trained army. He took up his field glasses to ascertain more closely what it was and then issued the command, "Shoot low, they are only boys." Only boys!—no older than these boys who are to graduate tonight. Thousands of young men, just like them, are being shot down daily in the trenches or in the line of battle, killed or wounded or maimed for life with all its pitiful consequences. It is not only the older boys and men whom this war affects, but also the younger children, who are left at home and many of whom have had to be taken out of school to help their families. Every day increases the number of widows and orphans and of homes bereft of some loved one.

To America, our own dear land, where the people rule and intelligence and justice prevail, where public schools and family life dominate, we pay our grateful tribute! Never until this year have we realized what we owe to our country, although from earliest childhood we have been taught to honor it. We pray that the desolation of war may

never reach our shores, nor father nor brother be compelled to meet the passions and horrors of war. I hope that peace may always prevail and that this gala occasion may long be remembered with friendship and joy.

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Valedictory

ALICE ARMSTRONG

Ladies and Gentlemen:

TRAVELERS who have been on the top of a mountain when the clouds were hanging low have described the view as like a turbulent ocean, with here and there the peaks of a few mountains appearing above the clouds like islands. Of course, there are many less lofty hills, but these are submerged in the sea of clouds.

So the student, who scans the pages of history, notices a few great names that stand out like the mountain peaks above the clouds. Yet he knows that there are untold multitudes of people who have helped make history, and without whose aid the few great men could not have attained their greatness. These masses may be compared with the scenery covered with clouds.

Why is it that the few so outshine the rest? We might ask with Cassius, when he was speaking to Brutus of Caesar, "Why should that name be sounded more than yours?" Caesar rose to prominence because of his fitness for generalship and his remarkable ability as a statesman, and he has been remembered because of these qualities and because of his memoirs; while on the other hand, Brutus' name has come down through the centuries chiefly as the assassin of great Caesar.

One article of our Declaration of Independence reads, "All men are born free and equal." Politically speaking, this may be true, but it is what a brilliant orator once called a "glittering generality." Viewed from an intellectual or any other standpoint *except* political, it is far from true. Who in our times has been born the equal of Plato, or Bacon, or Shakespeare, or Milton?

Great men and thousands of lesser note outshine the mass of men by reason of their genius, which someone has called an inborn endowment that enables one to accomplish with ease great tasks which the ordinary man could not do. Another, himself a genius, has said that genius is but the ability for close and perseverant application. A distinguished teacher and president of a college called it the power of making efforts. Buffon said of genius—it is patience.

Not every genius becomes great. Gray in his beautiful Elegy says, "Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest." Why mute? why inglorious? From lack of ambition, of application, of perseverance, or of determination, perhaps.

Fortune has often been blamed for her blindness, but fortune is not as blind as men are. Anyone who studies life carefully will find that fortune is almost always on the side of the diligent. Success usually attends every good effort. Though success is often overestimated to the extent of almost deifying it, still, in any worthy pursuit, it is meritorious. The qualities necessary to insure success are few, but they are not at all extraordinary; the most important is determination or perseverance. Genius is not necessary, but even genius of the highest sort does not despise the exercise of the most ordinary qualities, for the greatest results in life are usually attained by very simple means.

A celebrated French author has made the remarks that no man ever pushed his capacity as far as he was able. Even men of the greatest acquirements and ability can look backward and see many neglected opportunities which they have let slip by; and there is hardly anyone, I fancy, but thinks that if he were to begin life over again, he could make far better use of it.

In the ordinary course of life, perseverance can do all that genius can do, and many things which it cannot do. Genius is often

irritable, impatient of application, and scornful of the dullness of people who are not geniuses; it loves a short work, a large reward, and a conspicuous place; it hates toil, and the cares and burdens of life.

Perseverance is of a firmer weave, and is less annoyed by delays and repulses. What genius can do at a single stroke, perseverance accomplishes by a succession of blows. Genius sees the statue in the rough block of marble, but only perseverance can bring it forth to the eyes of the world.

This era is one of invention, and there have been many prominent geniuses in that line during the last few years. Take for example, Edison, Morse, or Bell. The products of their genius would have been merely toys, curiosities; but it has taken days and months and even years of persistent endeavor to produce the wonderful appliances without which it would now be impossible to carry on modern business.

Our attention has recently been attracted to another example of what determination can accomplish; namely, the efficiency which is one of the leading characteristics of the Germans. Whichever way our sympathies lie in the present conflict, we have to admit that in this respect the Germans excel. Their efficiency is the result of many, many years of persistent effort directed to this one end, and but for the perseverance and the thoroughness which has accompanied it, "German efficiency" would not have reached its present stage of perfection.

And so, fellow-members of the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Fifteen, let us bear in mind, as we follow our various pursuits in life, that while we may not be geniuses, the way is always open to us to press forward in what we undertake with a determination to succeed. If we do this, it may result in greater benefit to the community in which we live than might be the case were we gifted with genius, yet lacking in the perseverance necessary for success.

RICHARD COOMBS,
President

MILDRED CLIFTON,
Vice-President

LOUISE STRATTON,
Secretary and Treasurer

Prophecy of the Class of 1915

MARION JONES

BOB Rand's fad was hypnotism, a curious fancy for a college man; still, his greatest ambition was to proclaim his power abroad and to convince his friends that it was absolutely genuine. One evening, as we were gathered around the table after dinner, the conversation was turned, as usual, upon Bob's powers and several doubting guests requested a demonstration. Rather than have the scheme proven a fake, I condescended to be put into the mysterious sleep, for I was determined to pull the thing through by hook or crook.

Quite ready to act a misleading role, I propped myself up against the wall and then seriously declared, for the benefit of the others, my utter willingness to be wafted into entire unconsciousness by Bob's weird flourishes and staggering glances. Fully in control of myself, I gave the word for him to begin, but as I attempted to move in a dazed fashion about the improvised couch, I found motion impossible. I tried to arouse myself in protest, but I realized that his powers had had the desired effect upon me. Bright lights ceased to move before my eyes, voices were smothered by something which I could not prevent, and a veil seemed to fall before my face like a curtain. My lips were parched and my throat was so dry that I could not even whisper. Then I stopped thinking. Everything was completely changed. Instead of Bob's long, dangling arms, a huge wind-mill loomed up in front of me, throwing its paddle wheels about in tireless rotation.

The mill door stood ajar. Having nothing else to do but investigate my unusual surroundings, I crept slowly to the entrance. A whirring sound buzzed in my ears, coming from the broad leather belts which rotated about the iron wheels within. Several men walked back and forth along a runway beneath this machinery, carrying bags of grain to a side door where they were loaded upon a wagon.

One of the workers seemed very familiar. Even his back view had a strange, intellectual look, which I could not fail to recognize. I started forward immediately and stepped in front of the laborer. I hardly expected to see Wendell in blue overalls and jumper, but, after a series of deep blushes, he firmly convinced me of his identity.

"Oh, I say! How do you happen to be around here?" He managed to squeeze out a few words of welcome just as a sharp edged shingle slipped through an opening in the roof and fell with a thud upon his head.

"Hey, up there!" he called out. Then, turning to me, he explained. "That's Harold Turner. He's still shingling roofs, but he drops more through that hole than he nails on." As he said this, the man in question appeared from aloft and stood gazing amazedly at me.

"Well, now, this makes it nice. Say, do you want to see something funny? I've been watching them since they came around the bend. Fool man!" We walked to the door and stood for a second looking up the street. Suddenly from around the corner of the mill came ten or eleven girls, gaily dressed, exclaiming and rushing about a man, the centre of their group. It was George Carter, overwhelmed with female adoration and acting extremely happy beneath the torrent of their caresses. It was so unlike him!

Twelve o'clock sounded from a neighboring clock tower and without further words I was left to my own resources. It was evident that luncheon hour was still being observed. At any rate, it gave me ample opportunity to look into my situation. "Per-

haps if I wandered up through that elm bordered street," I thought, "I might find some other old acquaintances." Nothing whatever was improbable now, so feeling exceedingly encouraged by my thoughts, I sauntered along the weedy pathway toward a white dotted cemetery. I never had cared for cemeteries, but this particular spot appealed to me, and rather than sit down by the roadside and eat grass, I opened the iron gate. Having wandered from stone to stone without seeing a name which I recognized, I turned to leave the solitary place. In front of a very small granite piece with the inscription "Rover, my dog," stood Mildred Dyer, gazing sorrowfully at the green spot. The simple expression of words spoke fully of Mildred's loss and without troubling her meditation, I was just about to take my departure, when I heard someone speaking: "This is a private burying ground. Please get out," and Leonard Hill, still residing in the cemetery district, led me courteously to the opening in the fence and saw me safely outside of his domain.

A five minutes' walk brought me to the first public building erected in Arden Village, the post-office, but, contrary to the card on the door, it was not open at all hours. Having tried the door and having found it securely bolted, I came to the conclusion that some unusual circumstance had prevented the rules from being carried out. Then through a crack in the door I heard a vehement snoring and from this same crevice protruded a slip of paper apparently intended for whomsoever happened in that direction. I unfolded it and found inside, in scraggling letters, an explanatory note:—

"The key's under the mat. The door is locked because there is a dollar's worth of stamps in the drawer."

The postmaster must have been an ardent advocate of "Safety first." Very anxious to know who this brilliant government officer might be, I found the key and applied it to the lock. Postmaster Bond was taking an after-dinner nap, so I thoughtfully left him to conclude it unmolested, faintly recalling in my mind his former fondness for rest and peace.

A neat, white cottage across the road attracted my attention as I placed the post-office key in its hiding place and several raps on the green door brought a woman to an upper window. "Come around back," said the shrill voice. "The front hall has has just been painted." As directed, I followed the white pebbled pathway to the rear of the house, where I found a miniature athletic field, well equipped with every sort of apparatus to delight a whole army of gymnasts. Five slim children in jersey suits tumbled around the grass, followed closely by a tall, thin woman similarly clad. Laura certainly believed in fresh air and she was teaching, as she had been taught, that plenty of exercise is Nature's own beautifier. Laura's life was to be one long line of gymnastic enterprises.

Entirely ignorant of what was to come, I politely accepted her invitation to stay to tea, but when she brought out a jersey costume and requested me to go through a series of performances on the slippery horizontal bar, I regretted my hasty move and I must have surely fallen several degrees in her estimation when I refused point blank to strain my unused muscles. Nevertheless, at the end of the meal, we were once more restored to friendly terms and that evening we walked over to Arline's bungalow. Before we came in sight of the house we heard a mellow voice reciting line after line of indistinct verse.

"That's Arline," my companion sighed. "She spends most of her valuable time up in that old apple tree learning that kind of stuff, while Louise Stratton, adoring creature, sits at the foot dreaming all sorts of wonderful successes for Arline's future. Let's not disturb them. It makes them both terribly angry to feel that they are to be hindered in their progress to fame."

IN PERILOUS POSITION ON TREE.

Our talking evidently aroused the two, for Arline suddenly ceased declaiming and moved slowly toward the ground. As she reached the last fork of the tree, she caught the hem of her skirt in a branch and hung in a perilous position until we unloosened her dress and helped to restore her balance. Her weight, however, was too much for us and after tottering for a few seconds, she fell heavily to the ground. Quite unconcerned she arose to her feet, exclaiming, "That's the trouble with that old apple tree, so many branches." I could see, nevertheless, that she clung to her side and gritted her teeth in an unusual way.

I spent that night with them, and the next morning Louise escorted me to the village where, in front of a butcher shop, a scissors grinder stood diligently sharpening a meat saw. I surely knew that hair, those eyes, the smile, the figure! Yes, it was Einer Swanson, as bright and beaming as ever. Seeing the pile of utensils that still remained for him to repair, we left him at his work, afraid of breaking the spell of ambition.

At a corner, a few blocks farther on, we came to a tiny fruit stand temptingly arrayed with stock. The place appeared to be entirely empty, but finally a head popped up from behind the counter and a voice piped out, "Want any fruit today? So good!" Little Romanie, as short as ever, could just be seen above the bench, lauding the perfection of her wares. Loaded with bananas and oranges we soon returned to the street, and as we moved up the sidewalk a tall street vender in an immaculate white suit threw samples to the crowds. He looked very much as though he were walking on stilts, but a second glance showed us that it was only Carl Fleming, stern of countenance and stately of manner. Fearing that our curious attention might cause an outburst, I hurried into the nearest store, and turning about to see if my companion was following, I carelessly backed into a neatly laid tea table presided over by Lois Stearns. The cups rocked, the sugar bowl tipped, causing the lumps to fall in every direction and the lady in charge spilled a whole cup of the precious tea, to my dismay and her disgust. At any rate, it was only an accident; so, ignoring her angry looks and threats, I walked away with Louise.

At the next corner I felt a light tap on the shoulder. "Madam, I must ask you to hand me that bundle of lace which you have so deftly picked up from that counter and follow me." I stupidly glanced down at my coat where, from a hook, a roll of fine lace was suspended. Then I found Harold Homer leading me to my reckoning. Needless to say, I was absolutely overwhelmed with humiliation, for here I was a perfect stranger. "But," I thought, "if only I could prove my identity!" Gaining courage, I caught up with my captor and endeavored to explain the affair. A prolonged controversy ensued, which ended in Harold's reluctant admission that he recognized me fully, but, sad to say, he had lost a sure-enough shop-lifting case.

It did not take me long to make my exit and it rather encouraged me to feel the rush of fresh air as we left the store. About a quarter of a mile from the last scene, we came to a large wooden mansion with a long piazza in front, at one end of which a stooped figure was bent over some bright colored material. Louise clasped my arm and said, in a deep whisper, "Come—that is Fairchilds. He's as poor as a church mouse now; everyone has thrown him down, but he still lives for nothing but style. See how he sits there mending that old brown overcoat. Why, he borrowed that way back in his teens; it was some coat then and somehow he sticks to that old thing like glue. He's mending the darns now. Let's go up and speak." Well knowing the cool reception I should receive, I consented to Louise's suggestion. Just as I expected, he

backed away several feet when he saw me approaching and moved over toward Louise, as if for protection. Accepting this move as a broad hint for me to vacate the landscape, I moved down the walk as far away as possible.

While I was waiting for Louise to break away, I looked about me. In the next vacant lot I saw a woman seated upon a stump of an old tree with a man kneeling beside her. They seemed to be drawing something and were intensely interested in the work of five or six other men who were diggging about them. "Oh, they," said Louise, when she had caught up with me and I had questioned her, "That's Mildred Clifton and George. They've been planning that house for seven years, but I've heard that they positively expect to complete it before Christmas."

Our conversation was suddenly cut short by the approach of a tall woman, followed by a small man pushing a red cart containing a sleeping child. The woman met us enthusiastically, exclaiming, "Oh, I heard you were here. Come up and see us. Ramon would be delighted, wouldn't you Ramon?" and she grabbed the cart-handle from his hands and swung it with a jerk into a graveled walk, calling at the same time to her husband, "Come and set the table. Helen Michitson is going to lunch with us today and you promised to take the baby while we eat. Helen has an important secret to disclose to me. Something to do with her last paper on 'Successful Marriages.'" Elizabeth was still talking when we left them, but Ramon, with his mouth in a strained, immovable position, followed obediently.

That noon we had our lunch at Helen Lang's tea room, but the tea and hollow cakes failed to satisfy our hunger, so we hurried out, leaving Helen reading a novel and eating peanuts in the window seat. As we opened the outer door a dark-haired woman with a basket loaded with provisions on each arm entered and Helen Wilson, with care and anxiety written on her sunburned face, welcomed me. She, likewise, had heard of my presence in the town, for Veronica McDermott, the village school marm, had heard it on the way home from school from the minister's wife and before twilight the majority of Arden Villagers had been informed of the fact.

The afternoon was spent in a tour of the aristocratic part of the town with a stern regard for the few public facilities. It was a very noticeable fact that on the other side of Apple Street there were five telephone poles and three hydrants, while a small low building was serving as a public library. It was obvious from the appearance of the white paved street that a street cleaner had been employed and my evidences were verified when we turned into a shady road, for here I saw Horace Stearns diligently applying a long-handled brush to a filthy gutter. We carefully avoided a recognition and moved on, only to run into another crudely clad acquaintance, pushing a green wheelbarrow in which two plump youngsters were directing Herbert along the highway. At a graveled walk he stopped and carried the children to the side porch where a slim woman sat sewing. A nearer view might have correctly identified her, but the brown fluffy hair was quite enough.

The scene here brought to mind another old friend and turning to my companion, I inquired for Ella. "You won't see her, I'm thinking. Why, Ella got entirely too big for Arden. She went out West in pursuit of something or somebody. I've always been almost sure that it was the latter."

SAD ENDING FOR ONE YOUNG MAN.

Some distance further on we came to a fountain set in the center of a plot of green grass, with seats arranged here and there about the pool of sparkling water. Far too weary to withstand the temptations of rest

we seated ourselves on a bench which faced the street. A heavy sigh from behind the fountain rose into the still air, and walking around to the other side we let our eyes rest upon the thin and shrunken form of Worcester, sunk in the depths of sleep. His clothes told the secret of his wasted life and his eyes, dark above the lids, showed that he had stared dissipation full in the face. Such a sad ending for one so young! An exclamation from Louise who stood back of me attracted my attention from the exhausted slumberer, and looking up the street, I saw a stout policeman tottering down the sidewalk in pursuit of a racing pedestrian.

"There goes Ernest Hoelscher. He's got another man. Peculiar thing, but every time he sees a stranger in this vicinity he lights after him with full force."

Quite sure that Ernest's criminal was harmless, we sat down again, but were hardly comfortably settled before we heard another clattering of feet. Marion Spencer came toward us wringing her hands, sobbing and crying, "Is he killed? What happened to him? The poor dear." And then she fainted beside the fountain.

We had worked over her nearly half an hour before help came to us, then Eula appeared, speeding along the street in a Ford with a sign hitched to it which read, "Johnson's Combustoes and Auto Supplies. Telephone Connection." The significance of it struck me even in this strange situation, but I promptly sobered myself when Eula hurried up with a brief "How de do?" and helped us to carry our burden to the car. By the time our strength was worn out, Marion had recovered and as we rode along the street, she sat gazing with wild eyes along the sidewalk. Suddenly with a shriek she brust through the door toward the next corner, and the last we saw of her, she was clasped in the arms of the beaming officer.

After we had taken Louise home and I had promised to stay with Eula, as she was to be alone for several nights, we returned by the road which led by the public square. A sign in the center beside the band stand announced a concert to be given that evening, so after a hearty supper we walked to the park and sat down for an evening's enjoyment. Twenty or thirty minutes elapsed, but no band came to fill the program. A crowd had assembled, but everyone was becoming exceedingly uneasy and a number had left for home. Finally, a stout man dressed in a blue uniform strolled across the park, carrying a shining trombone and smiling broadly. With leisurely attitude he mounted the grand stand and spoke to the waiting throng. He announced that seven musicians were absent, thus making it impossible for the concert to be given. Then Elmer descended from the platform and picked his way through the dispersing crowd.

A moving-picture house across the street satisfied our desire for amusement and after buying tickets, we were shown seats beside a young lady. She was conversing rapidly with her companion who, with highly accented ejaculations, confirmed her speeches and affectionately leaned toward her to catch each word. The conversation was centered upon everything but the subject of the picture, but occasionally a remark was made in behalf of some overdressed character then being portrayed.

We had been there only ten minutes when we heard a shuffling and giggling behind us and then a low voice called, "Rise, please." We arose and seven young ladies wriggled past us, stamping on our feet and greeting the couple beside us. As I sat down once more, I was able to lean forward enough to see the gentleman. Yes, it was so like him. I was positive and yet his new companions were so young. Carlton Johnson could never give up his fascinating occupation and he left the theatre still the center of a group of infantile girls, wholly oblivious of other surroundings.

Half the evening had gone and the pictures had not interested us a particle. However, we were determined to see the show if we were obliged to remain until the finish and we had just moved down two seats when I heard a stifled laugh behind me. Casually glancing back over my shoulder as if to take in the rear audience, I slyly let my eyes rest upon a woman. It was Dorothy Hill, her plump hand resting lightly in a much stronger one. Surely these two hands were not mates, but I didn't dare to look again; so with a faint picture in my mind of Dorothy, Hammond Hill and Prospect Street Bridge at night, I patched together a solution for the scene behind me.

At the beginning of the second performance, two very tall women took seats directly in front of me and commenced a steady flow of conversation.

"No, Alice, I think pink would go better with my complexion and you know, dear, that I look far more stylish in something that sets off my lines. Real blonds are so rare nowadays, that is why I must take advantage of my wonderful gift."

"Yes, I know, but, Ethel, don't you think that pink is my color? I should much rather have—"

"You're not going to, though, Alice Bennett," the other interrupted. "Deep lavender is what you should have. Now see that gown on that girl in that picture. What wretched style; I'd look well in that because I've the height."

Here the argument was suddenly brought to a close by the entrance of a man upon the platform. In a sickening voice he began a voluble rendition of a song. Hisses immediately arose from the gallery and continued throughout the performance, which came to a close after a succession of croaks from the vocalist. I couldn't see that Leland's voice had improved in any way, but it may have been because of my lack of proper appreciation.

On the whole the show, with the entertaining features of the several volunteer speakers, had been a most interesting one and I went to sleep that night happily conscious of having spent a very profitable day.

The next morning, while I was still upstairs, a rap sounded at the door. Presently voices were heard in the hall and I was summoned below to find Marion Smith and Alice Armstrong sitting with the needles clicking sharply in the grim silence. A solemn greeting was exchanged and then the visitors drew their chairs closer, while Alice began with a bountiful supply of news.

"The worst thing happened last night! Clarence French sleeps out in the tent, you know, and during the storm last night the wind ripped it down and the folding bed, which he sleeps in, closed up and he was caged until morning. When they took him out, they say he was still smiling, but a short time after, while I was taking the curl paper off my front hair, the ambulance drew up to the door."

Marion confirmed this prolonged speech, while we politely exclaimed over the accident, and the speaker continued:

"Yesterday morning we saw a barrel of flour being carried into the Stearns house, and later Mrs. Stearns came running out crying that Frances had fallen head first into it. She didn't seem to know what Frances had been looking for, but it was surely something." No doubt I could have told the ladies all about it, but it would have broken Frances' heart had I disclosed her secret.

After this rare bit of information, Marion took up the strain. "Probably you have heard about it but it isn't supposed to be out yet. You see, Esther Bird has always been a high aimer; in fact, you might say she had built her entire future on a Cliff. Well, the whole trouble is this: Aurelia Bates has come back to Arden, settled down for good, surrounded Esther's Cliff and

taken full possession. Anyway, our whole section is in a general uproar."

The story then returned to Alice, who floated into another choice item. "You remember little Mabel Erwin, don't you. Well, if you don't, you will when you see her, for she's coming back to take Veronica's place. Veronica's got something up her sleeve, but only Mabel knows, so we are all waiting for the new school teacher to arrive. They say that she has a new system of instruction to make quite a sensation here, but, for my part, I object to these new fangled ideas." And thus the conversation went on, but I couldn't help thinking that our visitors' taste for rapid talk had increased greatly since our last meeting.

ARRESTED FOR SUFFRAGE STUNTS.

Our plans for that day's rest in order to be in good condition to complete our conquest of the town were still further prevented, for in the afternoon, having comfortably seated ourselves for a quiet talk, we heard cries of a mob outside and rushed to the door just in time to see three well dressed women being led down the middle of the road. Their stiff white collars were torn from their fastenings and their hair was flying wildly. At the corner below, they were roughly forced into the patrol and driven away. Shortly afterwards the ambulance passed by and the excited crowd informed us that Jennie Angus, Althea Moore and Marion Whitmore had been trying a few English suffragette stunts on a deserter of their ranks, who was in such a mangled state that it had been necessary to remove her. Who would have thought that Louisa, knowing the danger in which she stood, would have left a body of such cold-blooded creatures! For self-protection it would have been wiser for her to have remained loyal.

The crowd was dispersed by this time and out of the dust and excitement of the disappearing mob came the harsh notes of a brass band. Unknown to us, a circus had landed at Arden in the night, pitched its tents and made preparations for a raid on the town pocket-books, and being animated by the past experience, we fell for the chance of an hour's amusement. The wooden seats were exceedingly uncomfortable and the climb to available vacancies caused us to puff with fatigue. Finally seated, we scanned the middle section of the tent, which was marked off in sections for the different parts of the wonderful performance. Just at the stroke of two, a man came into the ring and explained, stammering, that, for the benefit of the Ardenites only, he had succeeded in procuring one of the world's most famous acrobats, and with a snap of a slender whip, Harold Page, the manager of the whole affair, summoned a slim figure into the circle. The man, clad in bright pink satin tights, motioned for a narrow trapese to be lowered from the top of the tent and then as he clambered into the seat, two pages bearing a card announcer, came before the audience. We were, however, hardly able to withstand the shock of the words for the man high above us, limber and graceful, was Roland. How he squirmed about on his perch and swung through the ropes about him! He was still performing when a young lady unannounced came in, balancing upon a white horse. he went through her act without a tremor, and, as her fluffy uniform disappeared behind the tent flaps, the manager came forth and said in proud tones, "Mademoiselle Dauncey, foremost lady rider on either continent! Was it not marvelous?" Helen's ability had certainly transfixed the crowd, for they sat open-mouthed, staring at the exit opening. Evidently there was to be a sort of intermission for all but the flying acrobat at the top of the tent. Then from somewhere came a roly poly clown. He was short and fat, dressed in a yellow and red full costume,

trimmed with bells. Presently in front of us, he bowed and pulled off his peaked hat showing a bristled pompadour exactly like one I had seen many times before. I watched him closely, and finally made out, through the paint and wierd facial decoration, the unmistakable features of Dutch, who, after rolling about for our pleasure, was called off by the ring master, who had led in a new troup.

As the clown left the circle, a woman's cry sounded above the voices of the people. "How could he do it? Just a good-for-nothing clown and he did it out of spite." Down at the other end of our row we could see her rise from her seat and, just as I had guessed, Florence's pitiful voice was pleading to the back of the disappearing clown. Act after act followed, but nothing more was shown that interested us as the preceding acts had, so we climbed down, leaving Roland swaying on his bar.

Fascinated by a gaudily colored painting of "The Fat Lady" on the canvas of a side show, we paid our entrance fee and pulled aside the tent flap to admit ourselves. Whether it was that lady or not, we never found out, but she clearly resembled our old friend, Helen Furbush, and we went home very certain that we had discovered another schoolmate.

The next day was Sunday, which meant a lack of excitement in the village. We went to church in the morning extremely conscious, as we passed down the aisle, of a hundred inquisitive eyes centered upon us. Safely stowed away in a front pew, however, I at last felt at rest and listened attentively to the words of Ralph Johnstone, the bald-headed preacher. His solemn sermon carried through my mind a multitude of thoughts in no way connected with the subject and lent a quiet composure to my restless desire to get up and run. When the organ pealed out its last anthem, we arose from the upholstered pews and turned to meet the curious congregation. Having safely reached the door and feeling sure of an unnoticed exit, I felt my hand clutched and turning saw May Orr smiling and murmuring, "Aren't you coming down to the Sunday School?" and without a struggle I allowed myself to be led away.

"You see," May was saying, "you know a lot of the kiddies and Mabel Smith and Marion Sanderson both have classes. That is Marion, lean, sedate and pale, with the gray dress on, and that is Mabel over there, fat, buxom, and jolly, in the black silk. She has recently lost her second husband and Marion is just coming out of mourning for her first. There is rumor of a second marriage, but in small villages there is so much talk. Now, for instance, when Dorothy Travis went to New York the second time, the deacon's wife had her married and living in an expensive apartment, but come to find out, Dorothy was filling the position as matron in 'The Home for Indigent Spinsters.' Of course that was no sign that she would eventually join their numbers, but, as I said before, people in small villages guess at a great deal."

A voice from the platform assembled the school and when the superintendent, superior and supercilious in manner, gave out the hymn, I couldn't help recognizing Frank Olney as the general manager. Then in a guttural voice he commenced the hymn while the children piped up, drowning him out completely. As soon as the classes had taken their positions, May took me into the next room, where the kindergarten department was conducted by Helen Whiting.

Wholly unconscious of our presence, she sat among her flock, coloring pictures and building block houses. All at once from behind a long, low table came a wail and a block flew into the air, falling squarely on the top of the teacher's head. She jumped quickly to her feet and located two small youngsters behind her in a rough-and-tumble fight. Dodging the flying missiles, she took one of the culprits by the coat-

FOOTBALL SQUAD

sleeve and dragged him to a window, where she wiped the dirt from his face. Then turning to us, she said despairingly, "These little fellows with the coal black hair have the worst tempers. You can tell now by the very expression of their faces that their blood is boiling." It was quite evident that peace would never be restored by soothing methods so May politely engaged herself for the purpose of conducting the two boys to their fond mother. In the upper hall we found her talking with the minister, but when she saw us approaching, she breathed deeply and said, "So you've made a nuisance of yourselves again, have you? Well, Sunday School is no place for you boys for some time. Come, Dick." Then bracing herself for the descent of the steps with her small charges pulling her off her feet, she nodded goodbye. Ruby's method of discipline was entirely too unsatisfactory to suit me.

That afternoon we followed a path that ran through the woods in the rear of the house. We had been walking for some time in silence, listening to the crackling of the pine needles, when we came upon a brown haired fellow propped up against a tree, writing as though his life depended upon it. Finally, after we had watched his labor without making a move to announce our presence, he suddenly glanced up and exclaimed with excitement, "Ah just in time to hear my latest. Full of spring romance. Ah! Such words, such, such—"

Without waiting for an ending to this eloquent speech Eula had grabbed me by the arm and was pulling me far from the lovesick poet, who followed at some distance screaming tragically

"Spring, Spring in the forest,
Spring in the mountain glade,
Spring, Spring on the hillside,
And on every grassy blade."

Such enthusiasm overcame me and, unable to run farther, I sat down on a moss-covered log and allowed the suffering orator to catch up to me, still begging for a hearing. But Eula saved me. She lauded the delightful view which might be had from the top of an oak nearby and having boosted Bob into the branches, saw him safely wedged between two topmost bows. Then we took our flight.

LANNIGAN BECOMES HERMIT.

Until we were positive of not being pursued, we ran on, hardly expecting to encounter other human beings in the deep wood. But to our dismay the briary path led straight into a rustic hovel, which bore marks of recent use. Our approach had been scented, for a large sheep dog came out of the hut and barked ferociously at us. A grumbling old hermit, with long beard and ragged clothes, followed the dog closely. He gazed at us for several seconds and then, as though he had come in contact with a whole army of hobgoblins, he turned and fled to an inner room of the house, leaving his dog as sentinel at the entrance. Quite sure that the old fellow had concealed himself because of fear, we started down the grassy pathway, but we hadn't gone more than two yards when we heard an anxious voice calling for us to halt. Turning about, we came face to face with Arthur Lannigan. He still bore marks of having lived a solitary life, but an almost complete transformation had taken place. His beard had been shaved off and he wore a comparatively new suit, but his hair, which seemed to annoy him, was hung in waves over his shoulders, causing him to blush when the wind tossed it about his face. We tried to impress upon him the fact of the wasteful life that he was leading and by careful persuasion actually succeeded in getting him to promise to return to civilization as soon as he could get his long, flowing locks sheared.

It was long after sunset when, hardly able to drag ourselves along, we came to the main road. Then, as though sent for our own particular comfort, a shiny limousine

caught up with us and stopped. Esther Stewart, thin, pale and tearful poked her head out at the window and in sorrowful voice invited us to ride along with her. Never before had I seen her so down-cast. She acted as though the world itself was resting upon her shoulders, while, in reality, she was riding in one of the most comfortable cars that I had ever seen. First, she sobbed about the family sickness, then she mourned over the intemperance of her chauffeur. After that, unable to produce further trouble of her own, she stretched her head out of the window and, seeing a dead hen by the roadside, insisted upon having its remains carried home for burial. "It was so heart-rending to see the poor thing lying there in that state."

She thoughtfully took us to our door and then, from sheer exhaustion, we fell asleep without a thought of supper. Sometime after midnight we were awakened by a wild shriek, and then a hammering came upon the door. Half asleep and supremely disgusted by this impromptu disturbance, we went down stairs together and flung open the big door. There stood tall, slim Jennette Davis in a white nightcap and gown, screaming hysterically and uttering an inaudible succession of words. It seemed that Sally had gone walking again in her sleep and Jennette could find no trace of her.

Reluctantly we dressed and followed our bothersome neighbor from street to street, but Sally had certainly completely disappeared. For two hours we searched every corner of Arden Village, but the hunt was useless. The only think remaining to do was to wait for her voluntary return, so we dragged our weary feet back to Jennette's humble cottage. As we pushed open the front door, which had been left ajar, we heard a low muttering coming from the room at the head of the stairs. Rushing above and peering within, we saw Sally sitting out of the window talking in a low voice. Presently she began to hum a gay tune and bending her head low so as not to bump it on the hard pane, she jumped to the floor and climbed into bed, calmly unconscious of an audience. After seeing the two spinsters safely settled once more, we went home thoroughly awakened by the episode and unable to sleep again that night.

At eight o'clock next morning the doorbell rang, while a dark complexioned man pushed his way into the hall. John Hoffman, with a load of oriental rugs of every description, confronted us. His red face was dripping with perspiration and he puffed beneath the weight of his burden. Without a word, he boldly peered into every room and then making a grimace at the well carpeted floors, he went away grumbling at his ill-fortune.

After his hurried departure, I ventured out alone to finish my exploration and now that I was by myself, I was able to observe more carefully my surroundings.

On the main street every store, except one, had been placed very carefully on a line and that one, a victim of blue paint, was set back between two high buildings. The peculiarity of coloring attracted me and walking closer I read the sign which was swaying about on a protruding iron bar. On the upper portion of the plaque was a picture of a beautiful foot, such as is often seen in advertisements, but seldom elsewhere, while the wording between explained the illustration,

"Chiropodist—Let me tend to your feet."

Below this a cherry complexioned face surrounded by a mop of curly blonde hair was painted with the printing below:

"Call back your youth and remove the gray hairs; a genuine hair preserver guaranteed to leave three-fourths of your scalp."

The words "Walk-in" on the door promped me to march bodly up the steps and turn the knob. In a deep leather chair within sat Marjory Graves swathed in ban-

dages, her hair done up on curl papers and an electric fan at her feet, peacefully sleeping. This was another sleeping Arden Villager. I was beginning to think that I was asleep, too, but vowing to wait for results, I sat down before a spindle-legged desk on which, in a gold frame, was a likeness of a very well-known face. The only difference which I could see was that the fluffy hair had turned to a coal black and the complexion seemed a shade darker. I concluded that Lillian had been experimenting with Marjory's hair dye.

Suddenly the door opened and a woman entered dressed in a becoming black velvet suit. Avoiding my scrutiny, she opened her bag and drew out nine or ten large bottles, each labeled differently. Placing these on the table beside Marjory, she sat with her back toward me. Quite naturally, after waiting for half an hour, I became suspicious and I doubted if Marjory were really asleep. She might have felt obliged to remain in that rigid position in order to keep the bandages in place. Horrified at this thought, I coughed and opened a conversation with my waiting companion.

"Have you any idea when this woman will awaken?"

Without turning, she laughed and then answered superiorically, "Why, Marjory is not asleep. She will be through very shortly. It's nearly time for her to take off the face band." Once more silence reigned, but it was soon broken by Marjory herself, who sat up and removed the white cloth from her face, saying, "You don't know how I have wanted to laugh, but you know the enamel. Dear me, it is such a drawback." Then spying Grace, she slipped on some shoes and went over to her and drawing her to the light, she carefully examined her face.

"Much better, much better. Several more sittings and we'll have a rosy complexion." But that woman raised her hands in protest and said decisively, "I haven't used one thing, in fact, I poured it all into the sink. That accounts for the wonderful improvement." Apparently delighted with her act she haughtily left Marjory confused and blushing. Not for the world would I have laughed, but the humor of it struck me with full force.

To escape the possibility of an invitation to take the patient's chair, I quickly removed myself from the room and running swiftly out of the door, fell head first over a crouching figure vigorously polishing the brass trimmings about the porch. He languidly helped me to my feet and while I brushed the grit and gravel from my chin, I noticed that he held onto his ribs where my heel had caught in my fall. He groaned perceptibly, but his suffering seemed plainly more from embarrassment than from physical pain. Fearing by the expression upon his face that Mason was going to cry or do some other foolish thing, I left holding onto my skinless chin.

I succeeded in removing most of the signs of my blunder from my skirt and coat just as a rattling wagon stopped at a building opposite. Then Blanche Morse came out of the door and ordered the driver, in a commanding voice, to take the little old organ upstairs with great care and not to scratch off the varnish. When I heard the feeble notes of the dilapidated old instrument coming from the hall window and I had seen the driver leave, I went in and found the player seated, pumping away at the squeaking pedals. Blanche informed me that her final concert in Arden would take place that evening and proudly she told me of her call to Manchester. Without further explanation, I understood the full meaning of the summons.

FISHERMAN GETS WET.

I do not know how long I had walked after leaving Blanche before I found myself on the banks of a lake, which previously had been unknown to me. Half way across

the motionless water, a canoe was floating slowly toward me. The occupant was plainly busy with something, and finally he stood up in the wabbling craft and with a swing of the arm, cast a long fishing line into the water. For several seconds he tottered back and forth in a vain attempt to regain his balance. Then a stout tug at the line decided the course to be taken and he plunged headlong into the cold stream. With an angry glance at me he paddled to the shore like a dog; while swallowing hard, he managed to croak, "Nothing in it! fell in on purpose. Had full control of myself." With this, Olin sulked around the corner, dripping like a drenched hen.

Just as I was undecided whether to leave by the way of the lake or follow doggedly in the path of the disappearing fisherman, I heard voices coming from behind a green bank directly in front of me. Feeling it my duty as a perfectly honest explorer, I softly picked my way through the bushes. As I came to the top of the bank and looked down, I caught a glimpse of Dick's head, rather bald in places but still decidedly free from all gray hairs. His companion was entirely hidden by an over-hanging branch, but judging from the names which he called her, he must have known her for some time and I walked away thoroughly sure that, if the occasion ever arose, I could identify her as a certain auburn-haired girl.

Just above the bend in the road I saw a tiny house surrounded by hundreds of lilac bushes and even from where I now stood, I could hear a shrill voice chanting the measures of an old hymn. Nothing should escape me, I had vowed, so with firm steps I walked into the yard, where, upon a stool in front of a window, stood Ruth Hartley scrubbing with apparent determination. Occasionally she silenced her song long enough to speak to a tall, back-haired fellow at another window. "Joe, Joe," she said, "hurry with that top pane. There are seven more before you can go home to dinner. I'm so sure, even if you do pretend to be such an expert cleaner, that you have left a streak of dirt in that corner."

Several times I heard him attempt an explanation, but the angry soliloquy from Ruth prevented his interruption. The conversation bade fair to be continued into the next day, so without waiting for a conclusion, I left them alone.

This sound, however, was suddenly drowned by the loud voice which proceeded from the next corner. On a soap box, among a crowd of onlookers crying, "Speech, speech," I saw a woman standing flourishing her arms, trying to impress some particular subject on which she had laid great stress. Her hair was streaming about her, her collar was unfastened, and her necktie hung on a branch above her. Drawing nearer I could hear her say loudly, "There are fifty good reasons why I am here today. One is that I want social rights, another is that I want you to have them, and third—" The third was lost in a tremulous cry of "Can it!" from the background, and without stopping to hear Loretta's remaining forty-eight reasons for her public speech, I went away in search of further interest.

The new scenery attracted me no more than the last, but it served to vary the monotony. Like all other towns, Arden was inflicted with a feeble minded home, but its name had been cleverly changed to "The Hillside Home for the Childish." A tall man on the steps caused me to consider a visit, although it would have been most impossible for me to have refrained from entering. When I walked forward, Chauncey, whom I had supposed to be an inmate, glowered at my intrusion, but led me to a nurse, who was assigned to conduct me through the corridors. The little figure in blue was Irene Dicks, rather delicate, I thought, to be head nurse in a violent ward.

The first corridor was partially empty and the only occupants were unknown to me,

but on the second floor the most unsightly scene was laid before me. Lillian Brydges sat with a deaf ear turned away from the grating in front of which Dorothy Fuller was patiently reading from a thick book with a picture of a large goose on the cover. Quite a familiar subject.

Only one other inmate attracted my attention to any extent and this fellow, dressed in pajamas, sat upon the floor gazing out at a tiny window near the bottom of the room. Irene opened the door and we looked through the small opening where we could see a low shingled cottage just below. She then told me why matters were as they stood.

"You see," she said, looking pityingly at Alfred, the violent occupant of cell number sixteen. "Bessie Anderson, poor creature, saved enough money to build that shelter down there. It serves as a sort of lookout for her and a protection for Alfred. His affliction has nearly killed her and the only thing that has saved her is the permission to build so near. Sometime I'll tell you the rest. It is so sad. Look! There she is now, staring up here!" And looking out we saw Bessie waving a red bandana.

When I got outside she had returned to the house, but right in front of me, to keep me busy, was a long, narrow building with windows set in at the very top. A door at the end stood open, so, crossing the street, I ventured in. A clatter of hoofs upon the floor announced this to be a riding-school, and presently a black bay mounted by a lady, passed me. The rider was Blanche Cooper coquettishly attired in a divided skirt and a becoming hat. As she rode past without recognizing me, a man entered, leading another horse. The man was Bradley, evidently the owner and instructor of the establishment. He waited in silence for awhile, then impatiently called, "Hurry, Miss Gamage. You mustn't waste so much time." At that moment, Alice crossed the floor, tugging a stepladder. Over and over again she tried to mount without aid, but finally, Bradley leaned the ladder against the horse and his pupil stepped into the saddle with the ease of a professional.

I moved across the room to another door, which I opened and closed behind me. How well I knew the place before me. The meadow, the brook, the windmill! No! Was that the windmill? Such a dizziness was coming over me. I caught hold of a fence beside me and opened my eyes to find myself clutching tightly the back of a chair. Bob's frightened eyes were staring wildly at me, while everything in my dream had entirely disappeared.

In Memoriam

Paul Johnson

Born April 5, 1898

Died May 8, 1915

Alice M. Furlong Larson

Born October 9, 1896

Died June 1, 1915

Class History, 1915

HAROLD HOMER

THE course of human events shaped itself in such a manner that in the early fall of the year of 1911 there entered the Waltham High School a number of unlearned, unsophisticated children. These children, for such we were, soon became known as the class of 1915. Four long, weary years were we to spend in study, and otherwise. Our first appearance was bewildering and embarrassing to ourselves and probably amusing to the upper classes when one of our number appeared in a straw hat.

The upper classes amused themselves by watching us gamboling about the yard in rollicksome games of tag. Many torn coats and bruised heads resulted from strenuous class rushes in the rear of the school at recess. These rushes seem to have vanished into obscurity, for since that first year there has never been any response when a body of students has massed themselves and given their class yell. Several of the class had football ambitions even at this early date, and received the coveted W, while at least three others were recognized by the W. A. A.

Studies were new and the changing of rooms led to many embarrassing situations. The use of letters and formulae in algebra proved confusing to many. English and history recited in Room Five were usually learned to perfection. The First Year Latin classes met with many difficulties, but began "Caesar" before the year was over. In singing we were placed in a class by ourselves, either because our numbers were too great or our voices too good.

There hardly had been time for us to become acquainted, so this first year was not very successful socially. There were one or two surprise parties, but these called out only a few. No socials were allowed, but what few cared to were given the opportunity to appear at the two dances of importance. The first dance was on the anniversary of the city and was so crowded that one could not dance if one wanted to. The second dance was the Senior dance, but as the most of us were hardly big enough to fill dress suits and as the enormous price of seventy-five cents was asked, not many attended. At last the days grew warmer and the first year of our existence as a united class was brought to a close by the summer vacation.

Eleven weeks later we were back to work again, but now with more assurance, as we had burst from the chrysalis of insignificance and had come forth as conspicuous, learned, independent Sophomores. We looked down upon the incoming pupa of the Freshman class and wondered if any of us had ever shown such childishness. The need of an organization was now felt, so at a meeting of the class Francis Rooney was elected president, Miss Daboll vice-president, and Stuart Munn secretary and treasurer. The subject of class colors was brought up and after much discussion, in which many contrasting colors were suggested, blue and white were decided upon as the most satisfactory. The first two class meetings were models, but the novelty soon wore off and it was impossible during the remainder of our school life to have more than twenty members together in one room at one time.

JOLLY TIME AT SOCIALS.

Two socials were allowed us this year, the second of which was in the form of a character party. What jolly times we had at these socials, playing five-and-seven and drop the handkerchief. How eagerly we awaited the dancing, and when the time

came every boy who was not already in the east corridor immediately withdrew there and proceeded to match pennies or dare each other to go over and ask a girl to dance. The girls, poor things, were seated peaceably on the south and west sides of the hall twirling their thumbs and shivering for fear some fellow would take life and ask for a dance. The committee rushed frantically from one to another of the class, offering every inducement if they would only dance. This pleasant pastime continued until ten o'clock, when the class, or what few were there to represent the class, gathered in the middle of the hall and gave a lusty "one-nine-one-five" before departing for home.

New branches were opened to us this year in German, chemistry and geometry. Wie gehts and wo gehts du became part of the every-day vocabulary, but was probably not used as frequently as ich weisz nicht. Chemistry gave many remarkable experiences. One of our progressive chemists, after being told not to confine hydrogen when he ignited it, not only confined it in a glass bottle, but also added a bottle of oxygen to see what would happen. The result is plainly evident. Fortunately, he was not told not to make gun cotton. Many original proofs brought to notice in geometry really should have been published. Latin continued and the members who took it "trotted" through "Caesar" and then went for the deeper "stuff."

Dearest to the memory of all was held declamation. The high ideals of three of our class were shown when all three delivered Washington's Farewell Address in successive weeks. Some naughty Seniors fastened a horrid skull-and-cross-bones flag to the school flagpole and we closed the year by solemnly swearing never to repeat the silly caper or one similar.

Having completed the second year successfully, we rested through the summer and then took up the third year's work. The officers of the preceding year had fallen from the ranks and a new staff was needed, so at a meeting of the class we elected Richard Coombs president, Mildred Clifton vice-president, and Louise Stratton secretary and treasurer. Our numbers were much fewer now, many having left school or having found the pace too strenuous, decided to take more time to complete their courses. We cast aside the almightyness of the Sophomore year and settled down to a more serious life. The socials this year were of the same nature as those of the year before, with the same exciting games and the same enthusiasm toward dancing.

The same studies were taken this year and most of us had become past masters of German. It was thought once during the year that there had been a change in English instructors when one morning a strange little man appeared and took charge of the former teacher's classes, but before the day was past it was learned that the strange little man was the regular teacher who had undergone a tonsorial operation which had made his face appear so empty and void of all foliage. One of the English classes held some heated debates in which the question of Woman's Suffrage was decided. The stenographers wrote notes in shorthand, but usually a long hand translation was necessary for the reader.

COMPLEX CHEMISTRY EXPERIMENTS.

Chemistry had advanced to more complex experiments which were done "sure enough," but instead of being written up from observation, they were usually copied from the text book. Several of our chemists dabbled with colored fire, while one in particular, by substituting potassium chlorate for potassium nitrate in an experiment, gave a splendid imitation of a German machine gun in action. Two interesting trips were taken by the chemistry class this year: one to a soap factory and the other to a cold

storage plant. Some of the boys absented themselves from school while their clothes aired out from the first trip. The second trip, though chilly, was interesting. The corridors of the plant, lined a foot thick with crystal frost and dimly lighted by electric lights, presented a wonderful sight. Stepping from this hall of white, we entered a dull room full of fish where an attendant actually drove a nail with a mackerel, which will in later years be sold to the common people. On this trip we sight-seers took, for recreation, a flying trip across the harbor to Chelsea and back in a ferryboat.

A new pleasure was added to declamations now; that is, the speaker must appear on the stage before his entire class. The pieces were more varied, but the numbers were fewer, as five doctors' certificates were presented by as many pupils in apparently perfect health proving a nervous, physical, or mental infirmity which would prevent the pupil from delivering his forty lines. Others whose health was more rugged spoke as many as four times.

The school basket-ball championship was won by the class this year. Perhaps the reason why the class did not take more championships was because it placed so many men on the regular school teams. The football championship was not decided until two hotly contested games had been played with the Seniors. In one of these games His Honor, the President, did try to plough up the field with his face and after he woke up, it was deemed necessary to send a guardian home with him to straighten matters and his face.

Toward the end of the year a meeting was held at which it was decided to give the Seniors a promenade. This was a call to dig deep for the necessary dollar and a half, but after the instalment plan was suggested most of the class went without lunch to pay up. The boys took a vote and agreed to appear in white flannel trousers to surprise the Seniors. Three appeared, but after shining a while these, too, disappeared. Just before vacation, the Seniors presented the school with a pair of ornamental lanterns for the entrance to the school building, and while the speaker said that he hoped SOME class would match them up with another pair, he seemed to be looking at the class of 1915.

SEDATE DURING LAST YEAR.

The fourth and last year was entered upon in a more matter-of-fact way, now that we had reached the sedateness of Seniors. The officers of the preceding year, having kept away from graft, as far as is known, and performed their duties satisfactorily, were re-elected. The shining event of the opening of the year was the appearance of a substitute teacher. She was really a charming creature who captivated each and every one of the Technical Division. These knights all but fought for her good graces, and on her departure presented her with an enormous box of candy, the money for which did not come from the class treasury. The impression left by this class of enterprising young men was made evident at Christmas by the receipt of a note addressed to the I. B. from the teacher wishing them a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year and thanking them for the pleasant times she had had in the class room.

The socials this year were three in number. The general spirit of the class had not improved and it was impossible to make more than forty of the class turn out. We had grown older and it was now thought safe to allow us to stay up until half-past ten. Dancing still proved to be the feature attraction for the evening. A committee was chosen in the early part of the year to make arrangements for the Senior dance, and the night after Thanksgiving the social event of the year was held. It was a most successful affair as the class was only set back about fifteen dollars. One of the features of the dance was the punch, which had

a most remarkable "kick" to it. The lower classes did not seem to respond very readily to the invitation for some reason or other.

The Senior dance was a success, but the Senior play broke all records for many years back. The success of the play is due to the committee, which worked incessantly for three months, to the cast, whose remarkable abilities on the stage will be hard to equal, and to the play itself, "Her Husband's Wife," a laughable comedy by Augustus Thomas. This affair increased the treasury by one hundred and seven dollars.

French replaced German in most of the classes, and though the time spent on the language was short, the ability of the teacher placed many in position for further work. Many laughable translations were read, among which the existence of singing doves was discovered. Some of the sager heads studied four languages this final year. Mathematics for the first half of the year consisted of a little algebra and geometry in two dimensions. Later three dimensions were taken up and some were for taking up the fourth. Physics, though it did not present so many experiences as chemistry, was amusing at times. The jokes of the instructor caused some to laugh, either because they had never heard a joke before or because they wished to humor him for a good mark in that way. At last the Juniors invited us to a promenade and we are gathered here to celebrate the final social event of our school life. Graduation will come all too soon when we shall separate and take our first real steps in life.

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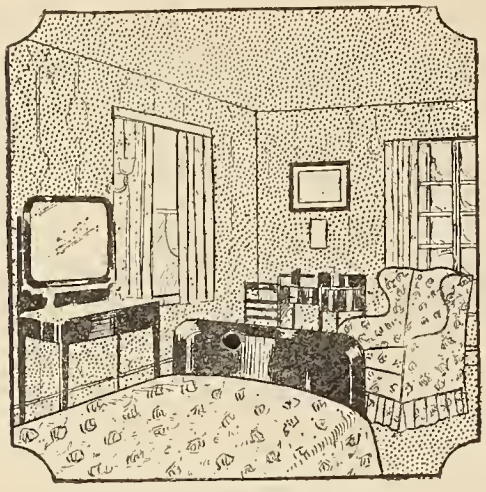

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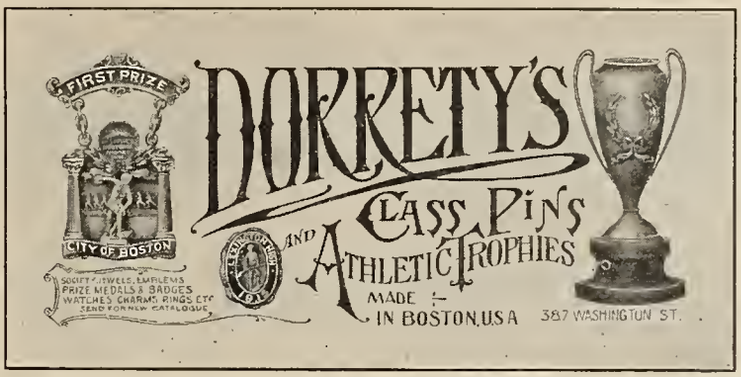

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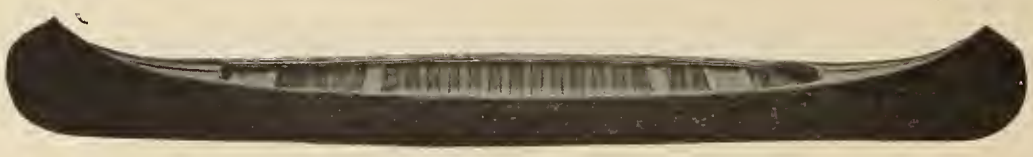

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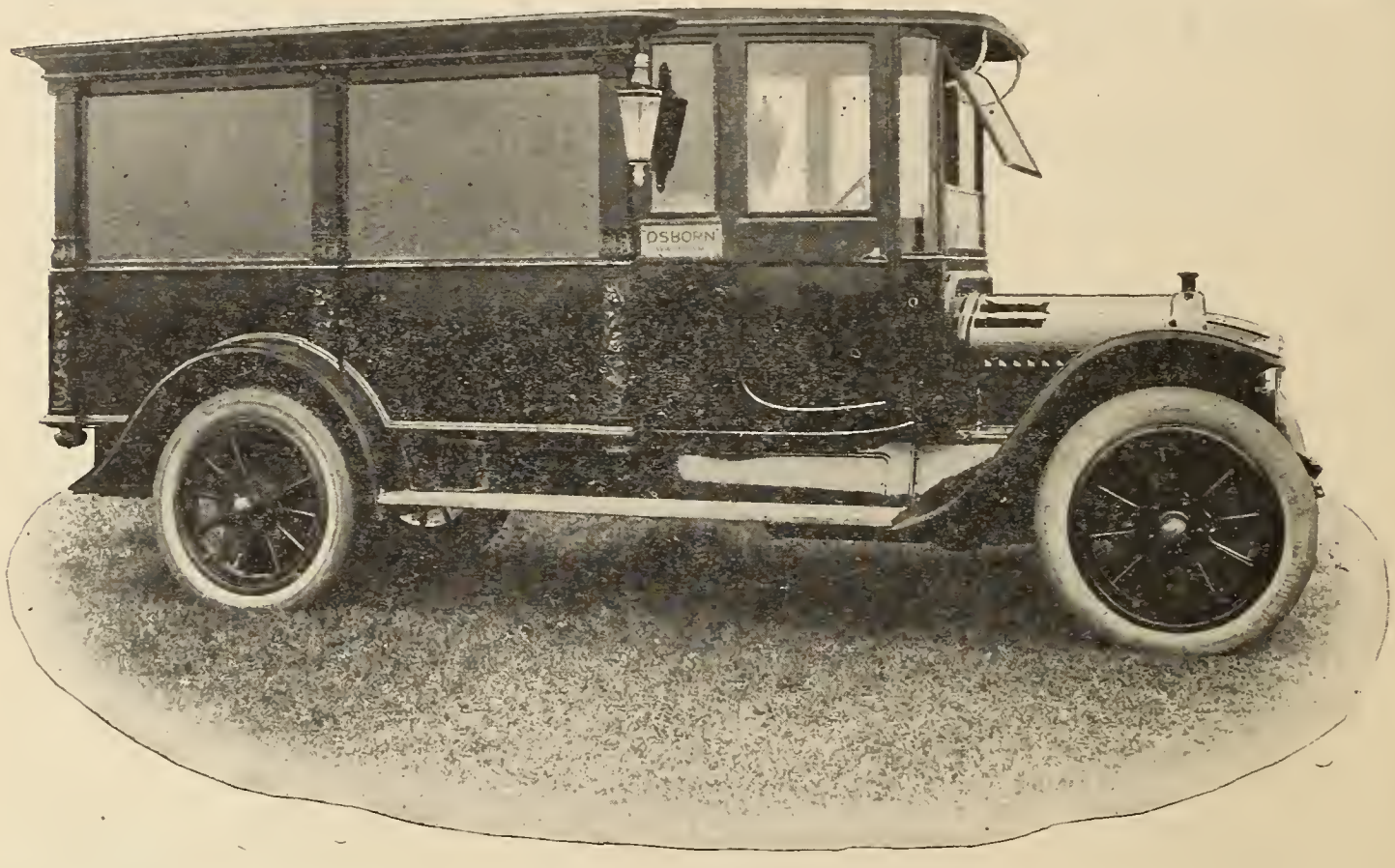

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